DOCUMENT RESUME

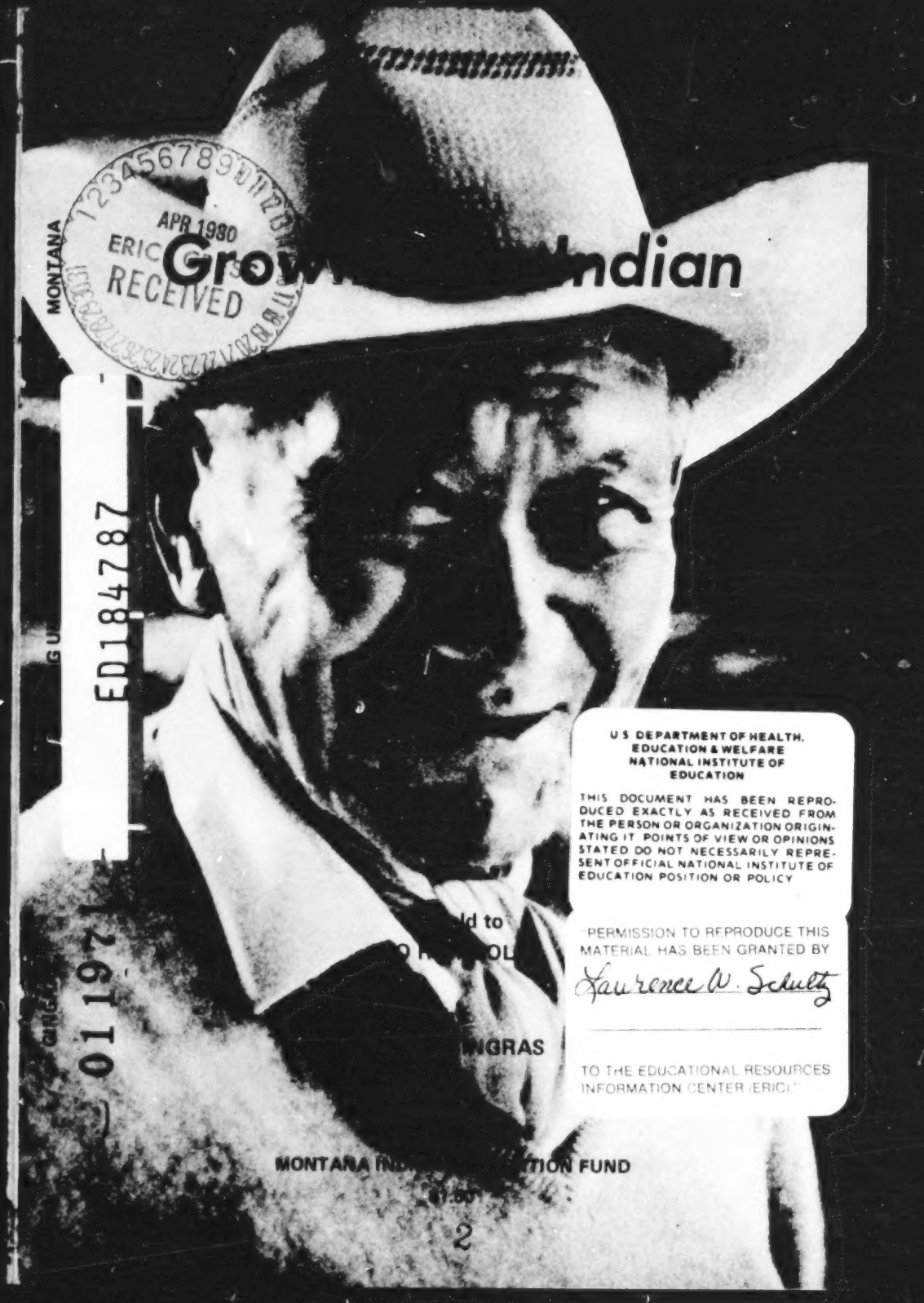
ED 184 787 RC 011 971

AUTHOR	Gingras, Louie
TITLE	Growing Up Indian: Stories from the Life of Louie Gingras, an 82 Year Old Kootenai Indian. Indian Culture Series.
INSTITUTION	Montana Council for Indian Education, Billings.
PUB DATE	75
NOTE	29p.: Stories told to Jo Rainbolt by Louie Gingras.
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*American Indian Culture: *American Indian Education: *American Indian Literature: *Childrens Literature: Cultural Background: Cultural Education: Elementary Education: Folk Culture: Instructional Materials: *Life Style: Oral History: *Reading Materials: United States History
IDENTIFIERS	American Indian Contributions: Gingras (Louie): *Kootenai (Tribe)

ABSTRACT

Eleven short stories from the life of Louie Gingras, an 82-year-old Kootenai Indian, illustrate many aspects of Indian culture. Accompanied by black and white drawings, ths stories describe daily life, mission schools, the Carlisle Indian School, Indian medicine, discipline for children, spiritual powers, beliefs, and several ceremonies. The book is part of the Indian Culture Series of the Montana Council for Indian Education. (SB)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****



U S DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

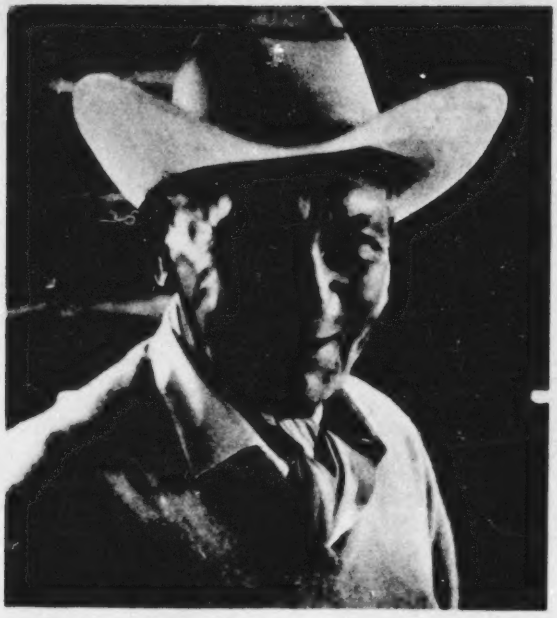
Laurence W. Schultz

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

All materials published by the Montana Indian Education Fund are reviewed by an Indian Editorial board and selected by them as appropriate for use in the education of Indian children.

The board wishes to thank the authors for contributing their work to benefit Indian children, and Hap Gilliland for his Editorial work. Thanks also to Tonia Bloom and Mike Strain for technical assistance.

All income from sales is returned to the fund to aid in the publication of more books for Indian children.



Louie Gingras

Jo Rainbolt and Louie

Photos by Christine Johnson and Jo Rainbolt.

GROWING UP INDIAN

Stories from the Life of

Louie Gingras, an 82 Year Old

Kootenai Indian

As told to

JO RAINBOLT

by

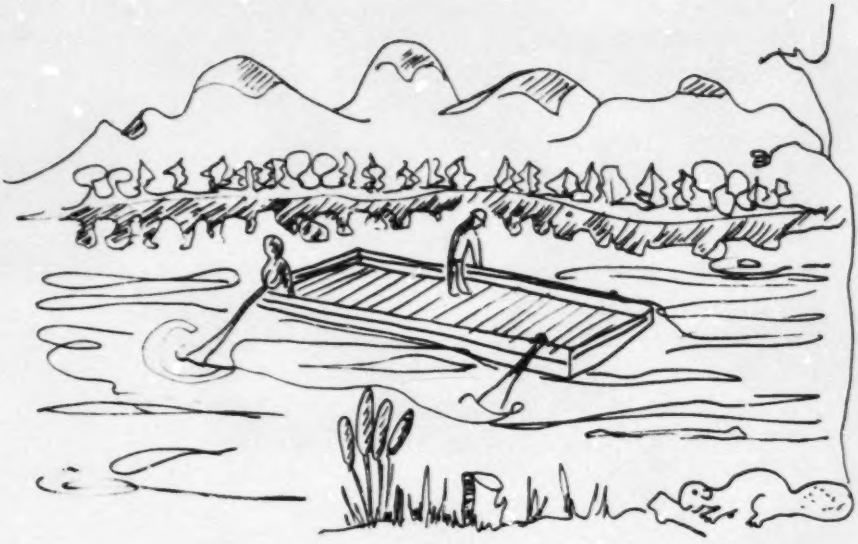
LOUIE GINGRAS

This is a publication of
the Montana Council For
Indian Education.

Drawings by Jo Rainbolt

Copyright 1975 by
MONTANA INDIAN PUBLICATION FUND

Distributed by
Montana Reading Publications
Level 4, Stapleton Building, Billings, Montana 59101



LIFE ON THE RIVER

All my ancestors were Kootenai Indians except for my grandfather. He was a Frenchman from Canada who headed west to find gold. His name was Octave Gingras. When he came to the Flathead River there was no way to cross. So he went up in the hills and cut some trees and hauled them down with a mule. He built a ferry just wide enough to carry a wagon and a team of horses across the river. It had four oars--- big long oars.

My grandfather settled where Polson is today. The town of Polson wasn't there in those days. My grandfather's friend, Dave Polson, married a Nez Perce Indian and settled east of my grandfather. After Polson died, they named the town after him.

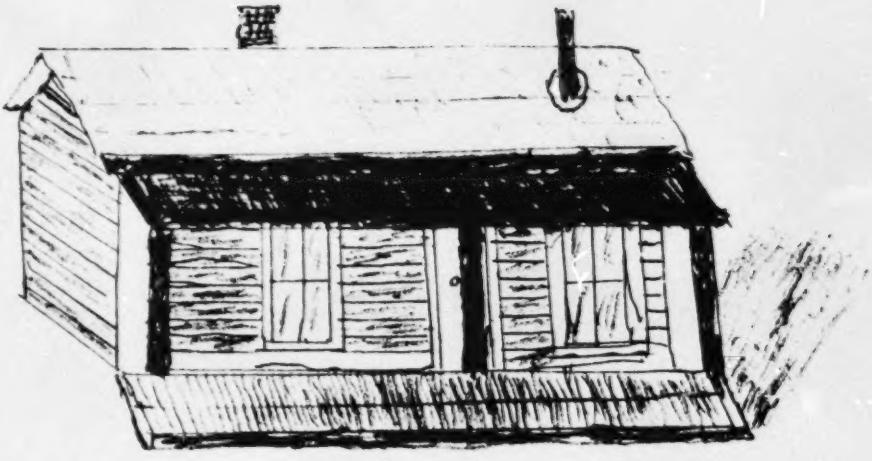
My grandfather built a big log house next to the river. My grandmother was a Kootenai. They raised eleven kids in that house. When Grandfather died in 1904, my dad took over the ferry and he raised eleven kids of his own in the same house.

I helped my dad. I worked all week steering the ferry with the great big oar. On Saturday my dad would give me 25¢. I was rich! I'd go and buy five oranges---great big, juicy oranges. I'd give them to my mother to give to the other kids. Then I'd start over the next week with another big 25¢.

We charged a dollar to take people across. The reservation was opened up for settlers and sometimes we would cross people all night long. The immigrants would come in a big covered wagon with a Shetland pony, two or three cows, a hog, a box of chickens.

When the settlers came in, the buffalo went out. There used to be buffalo as far as you could see. People were afraid of all those buffalo. So they were rounded up and shipped up to Canada.

In 1909 the government wanted to build a bridge across the Flathead River right where my father had his ferry. We had to move so people could cross. They tore our house down and we never did get anything for it.



Louie Gingras

This is the house I grew up in.

GRANDFATHER TELLS OF THE FUTURE

In the old days when there was a powwow, Indians made camp and really celebrated. They raced horses, made medicine, danced, wrestled horses, and played the stick game. I went every year, but one year I stayed home with my grandfather. He was sick, but I didn't know it.

"Louie, get your chair and come and sit in front of me," he said. So I did. Then he told me a story.

"I'm an old man and I've seen lots of things. You're going to live to be an old man and there will be many changes in your lifetime," Grandfather said.

He told me the land would be like a checkerboard. The land would be plowed and cut up by fences. There would be fields of hay and a road that went clear through the country.

Grandfather said, "People will come, white people. And you're going to hear the people say, 'There's a wagon coming, nothing pulling it, nothing pushing it.' The white people will ride in the wagon that travels by itself. After that you'll hear a noise in the sky and look up. You'll see a big bird flying around, made out of iron and tin. White people will be flying around in it. There will be a big war. People will be fighting in the air and in the sky. You'll see brothers fighting brothers."

I've seen it all. I don't know how he knew, but he did. I was just a little boy then. He died in 1904. He was 104 years old.

Pg 8 - blank

LOUIE'S SPANKING

My dad bought my mother a fancy shawl with fringes. One Saturday they were in town watching the stick games. My mother left the shawl. I had three sisters older than me. They cut the fringes off the shawl and made a hula skirt out of it.

My folks got back the next evening and saw that skirt with the fringes on it. "Who did it?" my dad said, and my older sister said, "Louie." Dad was making a cinch for a saddle out of an iron ring and cord. He grabbed me and gave me a good spanking with it. I had half rings all over my back wherever he hit me. It was the only time he ever spanked me. It sure hurt.

I was so sore I could hardly walk. It was late at night. I was a big coward, afraid of the dark. But that night I wasn't afraid. I was sore. My grandmother and aunt lived over the hill towards Big Arm, through the timber. I took off and started for the hills towards their place. I was walking through there when I heard something grunt. I knew it was buffalo. I turned around and wanted to go home, but there were buffalo all around. I squatted down. There were buffalo all around me. All I had on was a little shirt and knee pants. I was sure getting cold.

After a long time I looked over the mountains and daylight was coming. Finally the sun came up. I heard a buffalo grunting. Then he stood up. They shake their little tails and paw the ground. He started to feed and all the rest got up and started going down the hill. One cow and calf walked right beside me. Talk about scared!

I took off and got to my grandma's that afternoon. "What did you run away for?" she asked. I showed her my back and told her how my sister lied and got me in trouble. "Don't you go back. You stay right here,"

pg 10 blank page

my grandma said.

In a couple of days I was playing outside and saw my dad coming. "Don't get scared. You stay right here. I'll give him a piece of my mind," my grandma said, and she sure gave him a good talking to. She was a big woman---so big she went through a door sideways.

"Look at Louie's back. You never treat your horse that way," she said.

"I got mad too soon. The girl lied," my dad said and he tried to coax me to come home.

"No, he's not going. As soon as you get him home, you'll spank him again for running away," my grandmother said.

My dad said he wouldn't spank me again, but my grandmother said, "You go now and leave him here. When your mind is made up you aren't going to do it to him again, we'll let him go."

I stayed at my grandmother's a whole week. One day my mother and dad came to get me in a buggy. They had a brand new suit for me---knee pants and a jacket. My dad never did use a cross word to me after that.

THE BIG KNIFE

I never went to school until after I was 13. I had a bad sickness---getting the nightmares. I'd wake up during the night hollering "skunk, skunk"---and then I'd run. I guess I hollered it in French or Kootenai. That's all I talked. My folks had to wake me up with a cup of cold water. They poured it over my face and head. It kept getting worse. Towards the last they had to use a bucketful to wake me up.

I had to sleep on the floor to keep from falling out of bed. In the morning I'd be soaking wet from all the water.

An old Indian medicine man came to stay overnight with us. He watched my folks fight me and pour water over me all night long. In the morning, while I was having breakfast, that old Indian kept watching me, sizing me up. Finally he asked my dad, "Does he get that way very often?"

My dad said, "You see what happened. It's that way every night."

"I'll fix that," he said.

He always kept a big butcher knife in his belt. He took it out of his scabbard and said, "I'll make you a present of this knife. Tonight when you go to bed, put it under your pillow."

My mother had a habit of screaming. She screamed and said, "He might use it on us during his nightmares!"

The Indian said, "He won't even wake up."

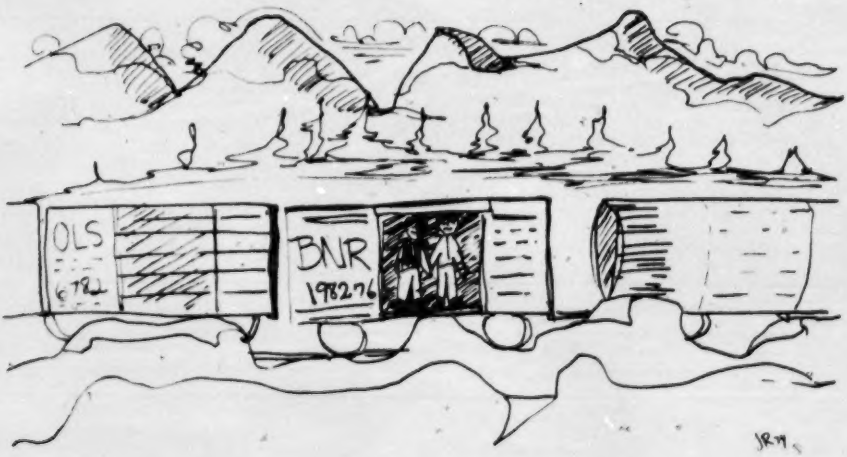
After breakfast I went and put my knife up with the dishes. That night I went and got it and stuck it under my pillow. I went to bed early.

I never woke up.

I kept it under my pillow for six months. One day I told my mother, "I want to try it. I want to give my knife up just once."

She said, "You'd better not." But I tried it anyhow.

I went to bed and never woke up until morning. But I kept the knife under my pillow for another six months. That was the end of my nightmares. I was cured.



MISSION SCHOOLS

I went to school. It was a mission school in St. Ignatius. The Fathers taught me and the Sisters taught my sisters. I was the only kid that had stayed home---because of the sickness.

It was 1905. I was over 13 and didn't know anything. I couldn't even talk English. I learned quite a bit there. I stayed there the whole school year and went home in the spring. It was a big school. There were Indians from all over.

After two years I wanted a change. The government was going around picking up kids for Fort Shaw Indian School near Great Falls. So I went.

My partner and I---another Kootenai---were always getting fights. I had a black eye for breakfast and a big lip for supper every day. We didn't do anything wrong, but those Crees and Blackfeet were fighting with us all the time.

We didn't learn much. My partner and I---we called him Peanuts---spent a lot of time in the guardhouse.

Finally we couldn't take it. So we ran away. It was February 28 and the coldest day of the year.

We figured we'd make it home to Polson in a day. But there were six mountains to cross and it took us 4 or 5 days. We walked and took the freight train. They'd open the train door and the snow would be higher than the train.

The train took us to Kalispell. We still had 70 miles to go to get home. So we stopped at Dayton and borrowed some ice skates. We started right out across Flathead Lake from Elmo to Big Arm. That cut a lot of mileage off.

The ice was a honeycomb. It would get soft during the day and freeze over at night, so just the top was frozen. I was in front and could hear the ice cracking all

over. I told my partner to speed up. It was about five miles to the other side. After we got across, we turned and looked back and saw that water had come up in our path. (Flathead Lake is 15 miles at its widest and 44 miles long.)

When I got home that evening, I took my mother by big surprise. My dad was out. She didn't say a thing. I guess she didn't know what to say. After a little while she came to and asked, "How'd you guys come?"

"We rode in a freight train."

"You guys coulda froze," was all she said.

After that I stayed home for a while. In 1910 I went to Carlisle Indian School.

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

Carlisle was a big Indian school in Pennsylvania. Those of us who wanted to go there signed up with a government agent. Twelve Indians from Montana made the trip back east. There were three girls and nine boys.

The only other Kootenai besides me almost didn't get to go. He was younger and smaller than the rest, so they wouldn't take him. But he told the agents, "I'm going. I was born with Louie. He's a good friend of mine. I'm going where he goes." So they gave in.

We took the train all the way across the country. When we got to the school, we were given a week to look around and decide what trade we wanted to learn. A fellow told me to take engineering. "What's so good about that?" I asked. He told me I could be a fireman when I graduated.

So I went into engineering. But all I ever did was shovel coal for the steam engine that heated the school. In three months I quit and joined the carpentry shop.

It was the biggest Indian school in the country. It was a good school. We had Indians from all over. There were Indians from as far away as Alaska. A lot of Indians were from the east. When they got homesick, all they had to do was jump in a trolley car and head for New York. We all spoke different languages. Most of the teachers were Indians---teachers who stayed on and taught. We had some lawyers come out of there and Indian doctors.

We had one Puerto Rican there. He was powerful---a magician. He was like me. He wanted to study. He wanted to learn something. He didn't go there to work.

He wouldn't work. He said, "If I want to work, I can go home and work all day." They punished him for that.

They threw him in the guardhouse. The guardhouse was nothing but a log hall about two feet wide---nothing but log and cement. There was one airhole way up. It was for ventilation and was just about a foot square. They threw him in there.

The next day the boys came over to feed him. They unlocked the door and there was no Puerto Rican. He had been all alone in there. They didn't know how he got out---no traces, nothing. There was nothing damaged. The door was still locked. It was a big double door too. It was his power.

He was just hitting New York State when they got him back. They put him in the same place---this time with a night watchman going around every hour. But he got out anyhow---dug a hole through the concrete. That time they let him go home to Puerto Rico.

Every day at four o'clock there'd be games---La Crosse, football, baseball---at the athletic field. People from town would sit in the grandstand and watch.

I wouldn't go. I could play games at home. I wanted to study. One day some Indian officers---football players who were like student policemen---came to my room and said they'd drag me to the track if I didn't go.

I went.

They told me I had to run five miles around the quarter mile track. I had on my dress uniform. It had big black buttons, a two inch stiff collar and a little black cap. I was long-winded. At home I'd run eight miles to town and back, but they made me leave my jacket on. I was sweating and an officer would boot me in the back end every time I slowed down.

Even the town kids were hollering for him to quit. He didn't and I got mad. Then I got my second wind and left him way behind.

When my five miles were up, I was soaking wet and could hardly walk off the track. Two boys from home picked me up, took me into the dressing room and gave

me a good rubdown.

About this time I met Jim Thorpe, the famous Indian football player from Carlisle. Thorpe was a big strong fellow. He wanted me to go out for sports, but I told him I did plenty of running at home. I went to Carlisle to learn.

I left Carlisle after two years because I was always getting into fights with the Sioux over a girl named Mary Gray. The Sioux stuck together and I didn't have anybody to help me. Instead of going home, I decided to see some country and went to work as a farm hand. I stayed back east for six years.

JOSHUA'S POWER

All the Indians used to believe in power. The people on my mother's side were full-blooded Kootenai and they were all powerful. My Uncle Joshua was powerful. He was a strong medicine man.

Indians didn't usually spank their kids. If the kids didn't mind or talked back, they were sent out alone at night. The parents said, "Go to that mountain and don't come back unless a spirit talks to you." That was how Joshua got his power.

His family was camped over near Browning. It was night. Everyone was quiet because they were camped in Blackfeet country and they had to listen for an attack. The kids whooped and hollered and fought all day, but they were always quiet at night. All of a sudden Joshua let out a real war whoop. His dad said, "What's the matter? You gone crazy?" Joshua said he just felt like doing it because it was so quiet.

Joshua's dad was a strong medicine man. He took the bear paw he used as a medicine bag and got seven bullets from it. He put one in Joshua's mouth and three in each hand. Then he put the bear paw over Joshua's head and pulled it way down. "Now," he said, "you want to be smart? Go clear over to that mountain and stay there all night."

It was cold and all Joshua had on was leggings and a little shirt---no pants. He was a big coward. At night when he went out he was always right behind his mother and father. But he thought to himself, "I'd better go. I know what I'll get if I don't!" He went and climbed the mountain to the top.

Joshua lay there all night. Towards morning he heard the earth shaking like a bunch of cattle on the run. He could hear and feel the mountains shaking. Pretty soon he heard a lady singing---singing a medicine song

Page 20 - blank

he had never heard before. He put the bear paw over his head. He was scared.

All at once he heard someone stop in front of him. "Boy, take the sack off your face. Sit down," a voice said. He looked around and it was a yearling buffalo calf. The buffalo calf said, "Whenever you are feeling bad, sing this song and think of me. I'll be right there to help you."

The calf gave him the power of doctoring people. Joshua would have the power to doctor with his hands.

Joshua lived to be an old man and healed many people. He was called Chief Hat.

INDIAN MEDICINE

In the old days when Indians were sick or needed help, we sang the medicine songs and put up the blanket. We called it "making medicine." The spirits would come behind the blanket and give advice. There were only three spirits we could understand---Grizzley, Skeleton, and Grandpa. Grandpa was also called Shorty. He was a Bullfish and very wise.

My aunt Mary Caye could understand the other spirits and would interpret what they said. That was her power. She's still alive. She's over a hundred years old. She doesn't interpret anymore because nobody puts up the blanket.

One time they were making medicine in Elmo near Mary's house. She was late getting there and she heard someone say, "Hurry up. You're late." Nobody was around. She grabbed her shawl and took off. She heard wire squeaking when she got outside and there was a skeleton sitting on top of the barbed wire fince. He was just sitting there swinging.

If that had been me, I'd have run. But Mary just bawled him out. She said, "You should be over there behind the blanket, rather than hanging around the fence." She was used to talking back to the spirits.

People got power in different ways. My little granddaughter would watch her folks put up the blanket and she would play at it. She was smart. She learned all the medicine songs. One night her parents heard a "thud" and there was Harriet lying on the floor behind the blanket with her thunbs tied behind her back. She had power and from then on she could cure people.

My grandmother was another wise medicine woman. During her day she was the only doctor on the reservation. She would travel all over in the wintertime. In those days it was often 40 below zero.

I remember one night when we tried to keep her home. "There's a north wind, snow, drifts. You can't go out in that," we said. But she put on her woolen sheep-lined pants and a coat, a fur cap and some blankets and rode her horse 25 miles to Dayton. She never lost a case. She used her hands. She didn't even touch the body---just worked the sickness out with her hands. She never took pay. Indian doctors never do.

I learned a little about healing with herbs from her. She tried to get me to stay with her and learn more. "I'll teach you about roots and plants. I'm not going to live forever and when I die, you can take over," she said.

"Are there any kids over there?" I asked her. And when she said no, I said, "I don't want to go."

Now I often wish I had gone.

Pg 24 - blank

SWEAT HOUSE

Going into a sweat house was like going to a church to pray. Medicine men would use them before a big ceremony. I would go in and sweat and talk to the spirits when I wasn't feeling good. The sweat house was important to the Indians.

There was a Canadian Kootenai who didn't believe in sweat houses. He said when you go in a sweat house, you're talking to the devil.

This man's son got in trouble for butchering a stolen cow. The old man had money and he hired good lawyers, but the boy got 20 years in prison. Finally his wife said, "Why don't you try the medicine man?"

So he went to the medicine man. But before he could say a thing, the medicine man said, "Don't tell me. I know. Come back tonight and we'll put up the blanket." It's funny, but the medicine men always knew the problem before you opened your mouth.

That night the medicine man went behind the blanket and started blowing an eagle bone whistle. When he came out, his hands were tied behind his back in seven hard knots. He had to smoke the pipe. It was held for him, since his hands were tied. When he was through smoking, he disappeared and the spirits took his place behind the blanket.

Shorty, the main spirit, said to the old man, "We're going to help you. You should have come here a long time ago. This is your medicine. We're glad you came."

Shorty told the old man, "Your son knows everything. I was over there and talked to him." The old man wondered how that could be true. Later he found out from his son that the spirits had visited him in prison.

They made medicine until early morning. Shorty said they would meet again the next week. When they did, Shorty had good news for the old man. "A week

23

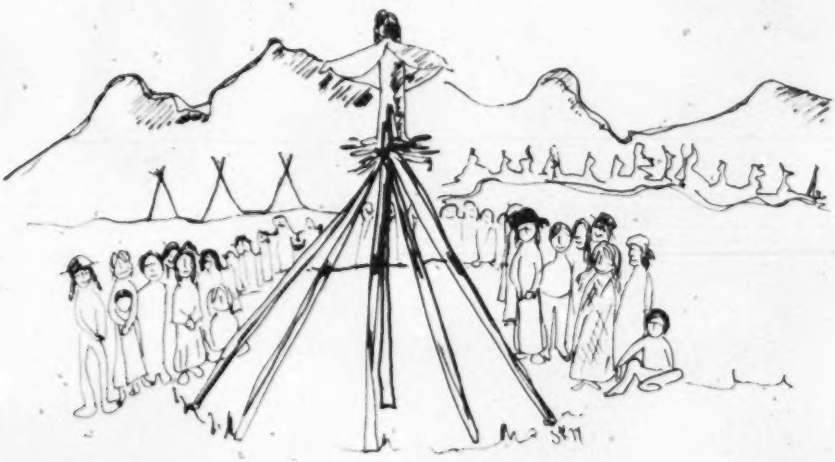
Pg 26 - blank

from today go to the jail and meet your son. You and your son will walk out of there arm in arm. When you get home, your son will build a sweat house."

Shorty told the old man to be glad he thought of the spirits. "Whenever you need help, think of the sweat house and the blanket," he said and he gave the old man a medicine song to sing.

It happened just the way Shorty said it would. When the father and son arrived home, the boy built a sweat house out of red willow. Even though he had never done it before, he knew how to build it in a round shape. He heated up rocks until they were red hot and put them in a hole in the center of the floor.

The father and son sang the medicine song together and they never forgot it.



THE LAST SUNDANCE

The main ceremony for the Kootenai is a healing ceremony called the Sun Dance. Joshua held the last Sun Dance. It took place in 1934 at Chief Hat Reservoir north of Hot Springs.

My cousin and I went. I had a bum shoulder. A horse had fallen on me. My cousin was so sick she couldn't walk. I missed the main road and ended up on a narrow strip of land next to the water. I couldn't turn back and I had no tail lights on my Model T. We could hear the drumming across the reservoir. It was night.

"Come on," I told my cousin, "I'll pack you across." The water was up to my belt and I could hear frogs all around me singing, "knee deep, knee deep." It must have been half a mile. Finally we got across and found the camp of my friend, Baptiste. He teased me because I was all wet.

Meetings usually go on all night and everyone sleeps during the day. Everyone, that is, except two whistlers--men who sit in the main tipi and whistle on eagle bone whistles for the 3 or 4 days the ceremonies last. Those two guys would go into a trance and see everything that was going to happen. They are still alive today.

That first night we sang medicine songs. We picked out Bazoo, a lame medicine man, to get the sacred center pole for the main tipi. The tipi was huge---30 or 40 feet tall---and Bazoo went out alone to find the tamarack for it. He had his blanket tied to his wrists. He walked away with his arms spread out like an eagle. Bazoo found and marked the tree with a beaded belt and a handkerchief and came back.

The next morning we all set out to cut the tree. It took us about two hours to get there. I couldn't believe my eyes. The beaded belt was half way up the tree and

the handkerchief was way out on a limb. Tamarack breaks easily. Bazoo had used his power to help mark the tree.

A woman had a 30-30. After she shot it off, a man and wife started chopping away with axes. The tree could not touch the ground. We had to catch it. My arm was in a sling, but I reached up anyway. I grabbed the tree and I was cured. My cousin was cured of her sickness when she reached up. She lived to be an old lady.

We hauled the tree back and peeled it. Then we painted it in different colors. We put all the tipi poles on the ground with the sacred pole in the center. There was a nest on top made of red willows. Bazoo stood on the nest and we lifted him in the air. He was crippled, but he stood up with his arms outstretched.

The healing ceremonies took place in the tent. Chief Hat was the main doctor. He had a rawhide doll next to him that told him what was going to happen. An Indian with an otterskin picked out the ailing and took them to the center pole where they were cured.

The Sun Dance was a time of singing medicine songs and praying. As far as I know, no white man has ever seen it. That was the last one in 1934. Six years ago a Kootenai medicine man was going to have one, but some of the people laughed at him. So he didn't.

THE MAGIC BLANKET

A relative of mine had a magic blanket. It was a red blanket with a knot tied in the corner. He'd throw it over his shoulder and take off dragging it and it would take him wherever he wanted to go. He always traveled at night. Everyone called him Red Blanket.

When everybody went to St. Ignatius for the Easter holidays, they'd take off two days early to be there for Good Friday. Red Blanket wouldn't go with them. He'd wait until the night before. Then he'd take off and be there in the morning when they got there.

Once the men were up hunting at Whitefish Lake and they ran out of tobacco. My grandfather, Chief Big Knife, told Red Blanket, "We're out of tobacco. Go to Browning and get some." He told him to go to a certain chief and ask for the tobacco and to tell him he was sent by Big Knife.

It was after nine at night. Red Blanket grabbed his blanket and took off across the mountain. In about an hour's time he was back.

"Did you get the tobacco?" Big Knife asked.

"Yes," said Red Blanket and took out three pieces. Tobacco come in long twists in those days.

It was a hundred miles to Browning and the chief couldn't believe Red Blanket was back so soon. "Who did you see over there?" he asked. Red Blanket mentioned two chiefs.

Big Knife couldn't forget about the tobacco. Next year when there was a big celebration in Browning, he went over to the chief's camp. Finally he asked about Red Blanket. The chiefs said, yes, they remembered the young man from Whitefish. So Big Knife believed it.

I wish I had a magic blanket. One time I rose from my bed and traveled through the air back east to Carlisle. I saw lots of country. I knew I wasn't dreaming because, when I dropped back into bed, all the buttons on my union suit popped off.

These things are hard to believe. But I've had a long life and I've seen them all happen.

OTHER NEW BOOKS IN THE INDIAN CULTURE SERIES

TRAGEDY OF TENAYA by Allan Shields. A story of the Yosemite Indians and the part Chief Tenaya played in the loss of their beloved land.

ACROSS THE TUNDRA by Marjorie Vandervelde. An exciting story of the Eskimos of Northern Canada and Alaska. First prize award for best story of the year-Iowa Press Women.

HOPI MYSTERIES by Jack Woolgar and Barbara J. Rudnicki. Two present day mystery stories involving Hopi and Navajo young people.

THE PHANTOM HORSE OF COLLISTER'S FIELD by Gail E. Johnson. A touching story of a young Ojibway Indian who finds his place in a white community.

THE RINGS ON WOOTKEW'S TAIL by Will Gerber, Genivive Golsh, Lilyan Mastrolia, and Flora Hatheway. Indian legends from four tribes about the origin of the sun, moon, and stars.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT QUEST by Ella Clark. Stories that tell of the guardian spirit quest of individuals from several different Indian groups.

CLATSOP DRUMBEAT by Willis Eberman. Poetry of West Coast Indian cultures with boldly realistic illustrations.

CREATION TALES FROM THE SALISH by W. H. McDonald. These are the legends of the origin of the earth and man as told by the Flathead Indians.

INDIAN MYTHS FROM THE SOUTHEAST by Beatrice Levin. Seminole legends describing customs and facts of nature.

BIG ENOUGH by Penny Nearing, Esther Roscoe, Virginia Smiley. Three entertaining accounts of growing up in the various Indian cultures.

ARROW CREEK STORIES. Stories of the past as told by Crow Indians to Flora Hathaway.

For a list of all 50 books in the series, write to:
MONTANA READING PUBLICATIONS
Level 4, Stapleton Building
Billings, MT 59101